L.H.+H.D.

THE INTERRUPTED SONG

A Lynn Hansen Memorial

edited by Steve Willis.

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CLG READER PROFILE:

Lynn Hansen
PO Box 65, Victorville, CA 92393

CLG: When and how did you get interested in underground comix?

LH: It was 1969 and me and a friend got his father to take us to a comic book store in San Jose. There were 3 of them in walking distance of each other, and we wandered through them, and I picked up 2 or 3 undergrounds, one of which was FANTAGOR # 1. It was material that I had never seen in comics before and I was hooked, been buying them ever since.

CLG: You're a Newave oldtimer who followed that genre closely over the years. Any observations on the rise and fall of that network?

LH: That is a loaded question! As long as there is change there will be new thoughts presented and hopefully a better understanding of the talents of people as a whole, not in parts. The network has changed a great deal over the years, and that is why it is still growing and progressing to new heights.

CLG: How did you make the transition from collector to reviewer?

LH: I was subscribing to THE FUNNIES PAPER and Don Cook suggested that I do a review column. When I agreed, he had some review books sent to me and from there I got you to do the title artwork and the rest is history.

CLG: I have the impression the collectors all know of each other, but don't interact much. True?

LH: To tell you the truth, I do not know other collectors. I met the Semans brothers at San Diego Con in 1982 and I know Ron Turner is a collector as I think I can assume that Jay Kennedy is too, but I have never written to any of them, other than Jay. So I would say from my standpoint your comment is true.

CLG: Where do you see grass-roots comix headed in the future?

LH: Through the phone lines and into computers for hard disc storage.

CLG: Although you're known primarily as a collector and reviewer, you have some experience as an artist and publisher. Can you give us some background on that?

LH: My artistic talents are limited when it comes to ink on paper, but I have placed the ink on paper for a number of works that have gotten published. The problem is that I am a perfectionist and want whatever I do to be perfect, and I have never had the ability to do things perfectly, so my work is limited.

Now my publishing ventures make my failed past look okay. I first put together a publication called IDAHO SPUD and then did 4 issues of SACRATOMATO COMIX which were all minis and none of the books met with my editorial plans.

CLG: You have been a primary and generous source of donations to the Washington State University comic collection. Other than the fact your father is a respected librarian here in the Pacific Northwest, what possessed you to overcome the collector retention mentality?

LH: If I did not feel that a library collection of work can be a wonderful place to get the knowledge you need I probably just would have sold the books I donated to the Folkomix Collection. But I move every 2-3 years and when I found my collection over 30 boxes, I figured it was time to let go of any of the stuff I no longer looked at. So I started sending them to the Folkomix Collection at WSU, knowing that they would be there for future researchers to have.

I have found that a library collection of work can be a wonderful tool, both in my research of the Paul McCartney death hoax and getting hold of some of your early work, such as MYTHIC RESIDUE.

CLG: For $500,000 would you legally change your name to simply "Lothar" and wear a fez at all times for the rest of your life?

LH: Yes I would.

A man of the 80's has to understand that democracy is over; Hippies are over. We're in corporate society, headed for recombinant DNA. A man can't think that these things are "bad" or put them down or hide in the mountains with granola. You have to face that and "use" it creatively. That's the only way; it's your duty.

L.H. + H.D.

SACRATOMATO #1 C 1987 BY LYNN HANSEN AND THE ARTISTS AND WRITERS INVOLVED WITH THE PROJECT.

First Printing November 1987 100 copies
$.50 ppd

this is the place I put down a little history and reminisce about things.

In 1980 I moved to Boise Idaho from Palo Alto California. There was no underground comix market in the area and so I turned to mail order which connected me with people like David Miller, Par Holman, Steve Willis, Steve Lafler, Clay Geerdes, Jacques Boivin, Walter Rodgers, Sheep Anthony, Mike Prince, Tom Brinkmann, Steve Sullman, Brad W. Foster, Rick McCollum, Francoise Mouly, Don Chin, Dan Taylor, Rick Wayne, Jerry Goebert, Rick Stoner, Clark Dissmeyer, T.A. Kaegin, Bob Vajtko, Pete Silvia, Rick Geary, Jim Ryan, John Adams, Larry Weir, Phil Yeh, Grass Green, Jim Valentino, Vernon Grant, Clifford Neal, Don Rosa, Matt Feazell, etc. All but 3 or 4 I contacted my first year in the network. Many are no longer around and a few have gone on to fame.

In 1983 I requested David Miller to do a cartoon of a couple that had just gotten married. I gave the family portrait from me by David as a wedding gift to Marvina and Dan. What turned out to be sixth sense, I gave the present with the stipulation that if they ever got divorced I was to get the artwork back.

Within a year I was given the work back. I felt bad that a piece as well crafted as it is should not be seen be others.

Since Steve Willis had been prompting me to publish something, and I had been doing a little inking on other peoples work I set to getting the inside material for Idaho Spud #1.

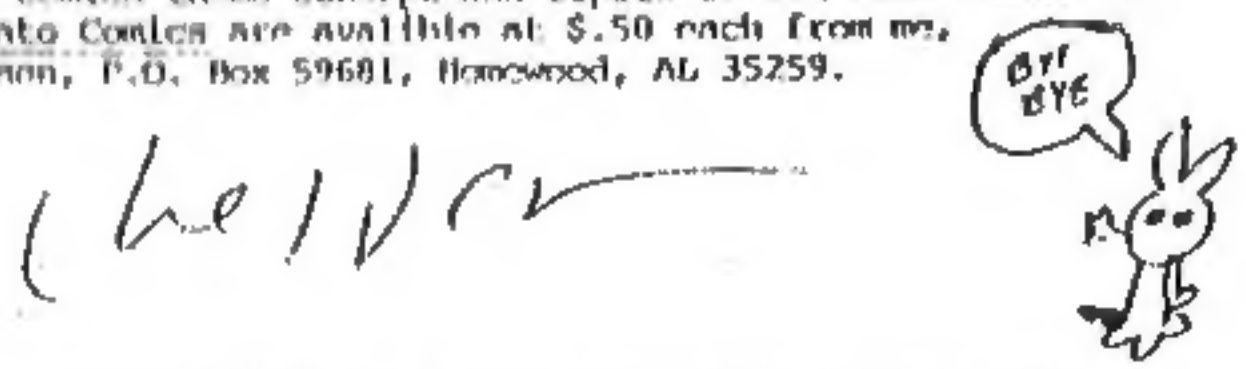
The work was by David Miller, Brad W. Foster, H. Onickel, Par Holman, Sam Hallmark, J. Williams, Steve Willis, Brad Johnson and Larry Nadolsky. It was put together for the fun of it, with a limited press run.

Issue #2 was published about a year later in 1986 with cover by Steve Willis and inside pages by David Miller, Brad W. Foster, Howard M. Wornek, D. Ackerschott and Par Holman. Par and David did pages with a potato theme since Spud is slang for potato. Almost everyone who wrote comments back about Idaho Spud #2 said they liked the theme idea. So when I moved to Scaramento, CA many people involved with the Spud asked if I was going to do a fruit or vegetable book in Sacramento. I got involved in

doing a review column (similar to my column for The Funnies Paper) for Comic Update and was in close correspondence with Steve Willis when I went job hunting in the Pacific Northwest. I stayed with Steve and His Wife Robin while I interviewed in Seattle. Evenings Steve and I drew little cartoons while discussing the small press. Steve had decided to retire from small press just a few months before I visited and so when I was back on the road to Sacramento an idea struck me to put together a mini, the last of which would deal with Steve's retirement.

I contacted David Miller to do the cover (and I believe, though my memory could be failing me, that David came up with the title). I also worked with ideas and came up with a 5 issue series that would have various national stips used to highlight Steve Willis. I had chosen a Family Circus Cartoon and 2 Far Side Cartoons. Since I did not use any of the cartoons I will say I have lost the Family Circus one and the 2 Far Sides I wanted to use are 9-1-87 and 1-7-88 for those who want to look them up. In all the grouping and planning I had asked specific people to do the first four covers and had already told Steve that when I got to the fourth issue I would be asking him to do the cover for #5.

I had the first 3 covers as I went to press with #1 and received this issues cover several months later. I then moved from Sacramento about 6 months later with the covers for issues #2-4. #2 got published in Santa Fe, NM and #3-4 have been published in Birmingham. This is the last issue of the series having scrapped the plan of 5 issues ages ago. The theme of fruits and vegetables has been held to in Sacratomto Comics better than in Idaho Spud but still not the only idea accepted. For newcomers at this writing I have only 4 copies of #1 left and less than 20 of #3. This is the end of my involvment with the mini comics theme concept and copies of all back issues of Sacratomto Comics are available at $.50 each from me, Lynn Hannon, P.O. Box 59681, Homewood, AL 35259.



"There is a paradox here of which I will speak to you, Rides On The Windanswered, but it is for you to open the Petals of this Flower yourself. The Braids represent the Experience of People. Many People have Braided and Woven the Power of their Traditions together, but the problem is this. Each Generation's Children have their own hair.

Hyemeyohsts Storm

IF A TREE FALLS IN THE FOREST, AND THERE IS NO ONE THERE TO LISTEN, DOES IT MAKE A SOUND? . . .
SHIT!

MY FAVORITE mini OF THE 80's by Lynn Hansen

Steve ran a short article on Ronald Gabriel Vicens II in his 'Wayback Machine' in City Limits Gazette # bazango (March 1991) #18. Ronald used the name "Gato" on much of what he produced, which was not a great deal. Steve's piece is right on the money, so I will add to it, hopefully without repeating any of it.

Steve's article brought back the memory of my favorite mini, one of "Gato's" best piece of work, Geisha Secret which is an 8 page black and white mini. I saw it listed on Steve's list and immediately had a smile come to my face. I to this day could not tell you what it is about this mini that appeals to me. Part of it could be that "Gato's" artwork is much less primitive than anything else he produced. It could be that I found this wordless mini funny. Whether it gets to some hidden secrets in my psyche, or just strikes a universal cord, I don't know. But looking at much of the other pieces that Ronald produced in that period, none of them capture me the way this mini did.

The story line is simple. A geisha removes its cloths until a nude figure is revealed to be other than expected. This was, I believe, before the term "She-male" had come to Donahue. A warped view of what is not so obvious.

My first contact with "Gato" was in May 1983 with an order for several books he had listed in Comix Wave.

"Gato" wrote me back with the books and these words, "I'm new at the underground coming from a fine arts background (sculpture)." He then makes comments on the 3 comix he sent me, stating that "Mr. Wang free with first order, Wang was done for fun. I'm doing about 2 (books) per month..." The Plight Of Mr. Wang would probably be my second favorite book of "Gato's." It is a quick one panel joke that works and wood chop sticks were included with it.

In June "Gato" wrote me that he had "alot of surprise coming up and free super-pub coming out in time for Christmas." I would guess that this pub was the Motel Madness that Steve mentions in his piece. "Gato also told me in June that I was the first person to have bought his books, "in

fact the only one so far, but I'm hanging in there."

In July "Gato" informed me that he was working for the power company and that they had just had a huge power outage, "the whole island was without power for at least 12 hours."

In August he informed me that he had a lot of bizarre ideas in the works, and that he had to keep drawing, for once he got started, he couldn't stop.

On September 9, 1983, he sent me the strange boxed letter that Steve and others did not receive until November. In these letters he used words beginning with the letter from the recipients first name. Mine was "Last quarter/Latchery/Lather/Laudatory".

My November correspondence with Ron got more on my level of communication.

His letter of November 3, 1983 read like this:

"...the enemy branded him fanatic, killer, maniac--

his country crowned him hero, matyr [sic], saint..."

He did not sign this one, instead typing El Gato Nigre. He ended the letter with a p.s. "Take care. Beware the Ides of December and the year of the Rat."

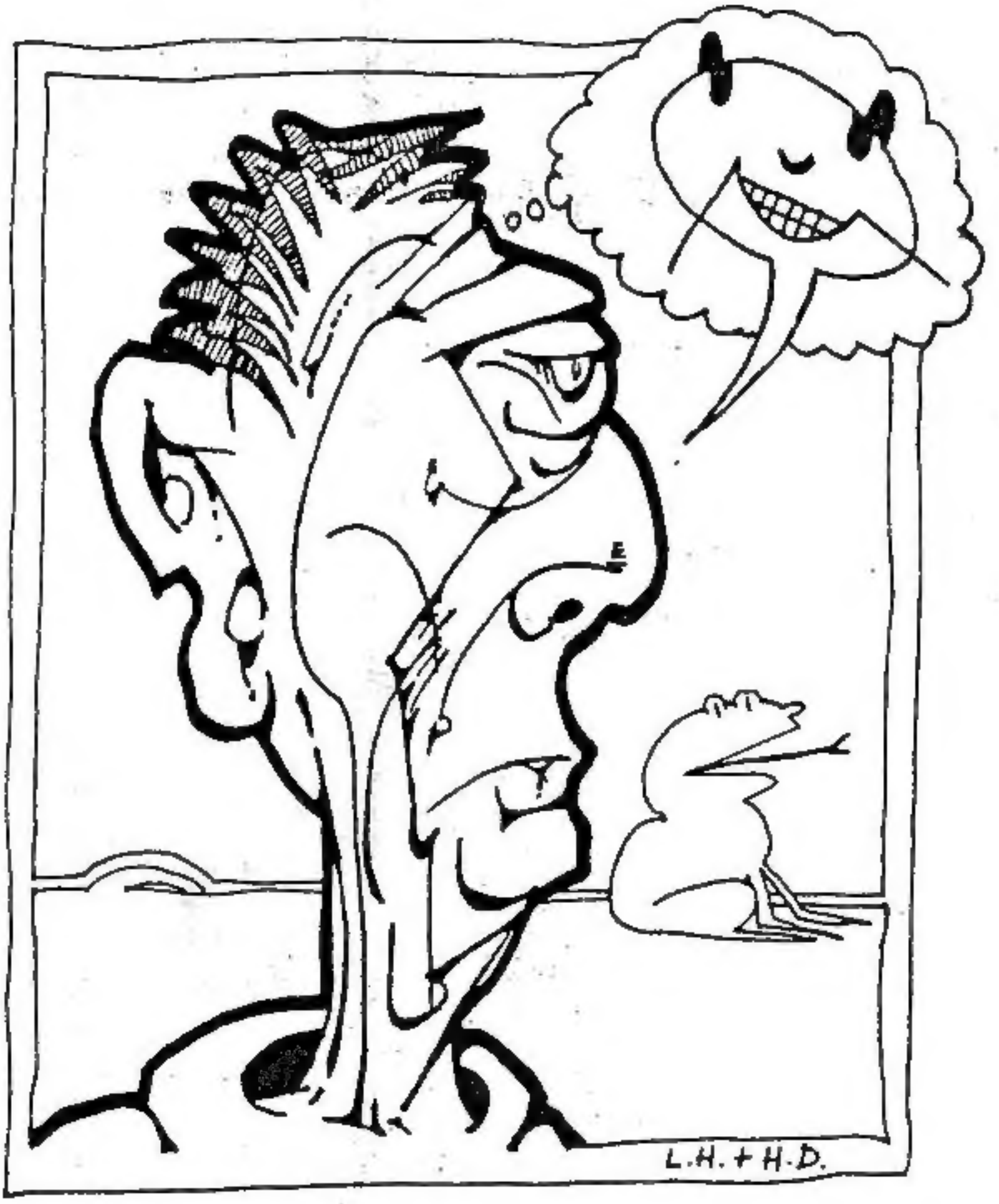
He had entered into my form of game with this letter and I responded on November 16, 1983 with this. "The living Yurok never spoke to dogs, and when ask why they said, 'The dog might answer.'" I added a "P.S. The year of the rat is over, long live the cat." and a "P.P.S. I hope the quake hasn't caused you major work on the power lines." He sent out a letter on the same day which said "Transcend Lynn-- ...one must lose ones self to find ones self... Mahalo Nui Loa. (signed Gato) El Gato Nigre." He included a 7 line p.s. of which I feel the important line is "I really appreciate it when one person in the whole world can appreciate and understand what I am attempting to do." He ended the p.s. with "I will be in touch in a few weeks. Beware the Ides of December and the year of the Rat. Ronald "Gato" Gabriel Vicens II, Straight-jacket Publications, Kailua, Hawaii."

I believe that "Gato" felt he was bound into something that started fun, but became more than he wanted to deal with any longer. I also feel that I was the only person who was not trading with him, and so he quit the process.

I wrote two more times in the next year, and never heard anything back. I sent him a copy of Idaho Spud #1 in 1985. It was not returned or acknowledged.

The work that he had done that no one got to see only makes "Gato" more of an enigma.

Definitely a bright star that burned out to quickly, but left 12 publications of his own, two poems that can be found in the Worker Poet, plus a few contributions in various pubs of the time.


L.H. + H.D.

A Moments Meeting by Lynn Hansen

My first encounter with Jane J. Oliver's work was when I bought a copy of The Baegles Looney Hearts Club #1 at Last Gasp Eco Funnies in 1978.

In 1979 I purchased a copy of Tales Of Jerry The Stoned Vampire #1 at the same place. My next experience with her work was in Clay Geerdes mini publications in the early 80's. I had moved out of the Bay Area and was having to get Comix Wave and CBG to keep up on the kind of comix I liked, for the only comic store in the area only carried the Marvel and D.C. books.

Jane's work for Clay in the early 80's was titles like Vampire Vignettes, Dance Of Death and Pagan Comix.

I saw the one issue of Baby Fat #13 she did, the two issues of Dance Of Death and Vampire Vignettes before I ventured down to San Diego for the 1982 con.

While there I not only met and chummed around with Brad Foster, Clay Geerdes, David Miller, Par Holman, Jim Valentino and Steve Lafler, but one day while in a group of these people we all met Jane J. Oliver and her traveling companion.

With the large group of people at the door for one of the underground /groundlevel panels, I didn't think she took much notice of me. I was among stars of the media, and although I probably said I was a collecter, I doubt I made much other comment of note. So I was somewhat surprised when the next day she asked me if I had ever seen her first publication Slick Comix which she had done after attending a course taught by Art Spiegleman in 1973.

I told her 'no' I had not ever seen a copy, but told her I really liked her Tales Of Jerry comic which I had purchased at Last Gasp.

She then told me about how good Last Gasp had been to her with her two titles and then pulled out a copy of Slick Comix.

I thumbed through it and realized that her more recent work was a great deal better than this early material, and handed the comic back to her. She told me that it was mine to keep. I said I couldn't accept it without paying something, and so she quoted a price.

Later that afternoon I looked the book up in The Official Underground And Newave Comix Price Guide of which she had had a copy with her. I found the Guide price to be much above the price she had settled with me and so was quite happy.

As a group, the artists got together that night in the hotel bar and drew in each others books and on napkins and sheets of paper. Everytime I passed the book or paper along Jane and others would comment that I should draw something. After hearing it from most of the group of newavers that night I finally started drawing bits and pieces on the jams, which included Denis Kitchen, R.L. Crabb and Dan O'Neill.

Much of the material from that night has appeared in publications by Me, Sam Hallmark, Steve Lafler and many others. It was a fun couple of days. Then the party ended and we all went home.

I stayed in touch with Jane through the mail and kept getting new issues of Jane's titles and a new book she did called Pagan Comix. Most of her time was taken up with Tales Of Jerry, and in the last year she had decided to bring out a new title with a character she was using in Tales Of Jerry called Mojo Ryxin'.

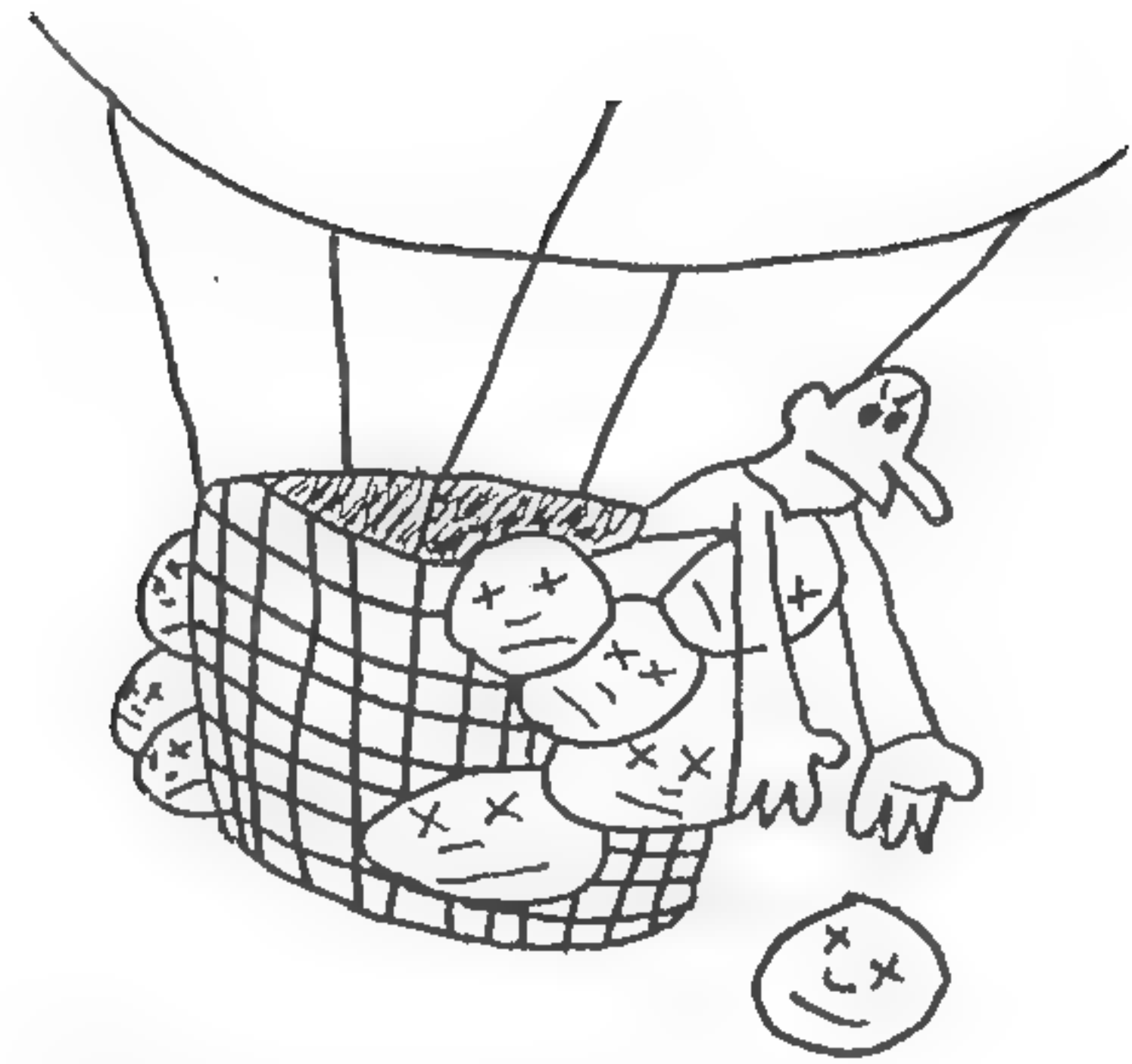
Her plans for him will probably never be known now, but much of her work is still availible. All of the Tales Of Jerry are in the Fandom House Catalog, at P.O. Box 1348, Denver, CO 80201. Issues #1 & 2 are $2.50 each while #3-9 are $3 each, and many of Clay's books are still available from him. Last Gasp still has all of the Tales Of Jerry books too, but hurry, for you know what happens to artistic material once the artist is gone and no longer producing it.

Jane and I corresponded quite often, and she had requested a short story for Tales Of Jerry, which I provided without giving it a second thought. The reason for that was that I was sure she would not have requested it, unless she liked the material I had done in the past and was looking for a written piece from me.

I have no doubt that it would have appeared in print in a coming issue of Tales Of Jerry.

Jane was a true goundlevel publisher, knowing what she wanted in her published product, and making a go of it on her own as a publisher. She knew how to get material from talented people, and presented it in a unique style that displayed a great feel for the horror and rock 'n' roll media

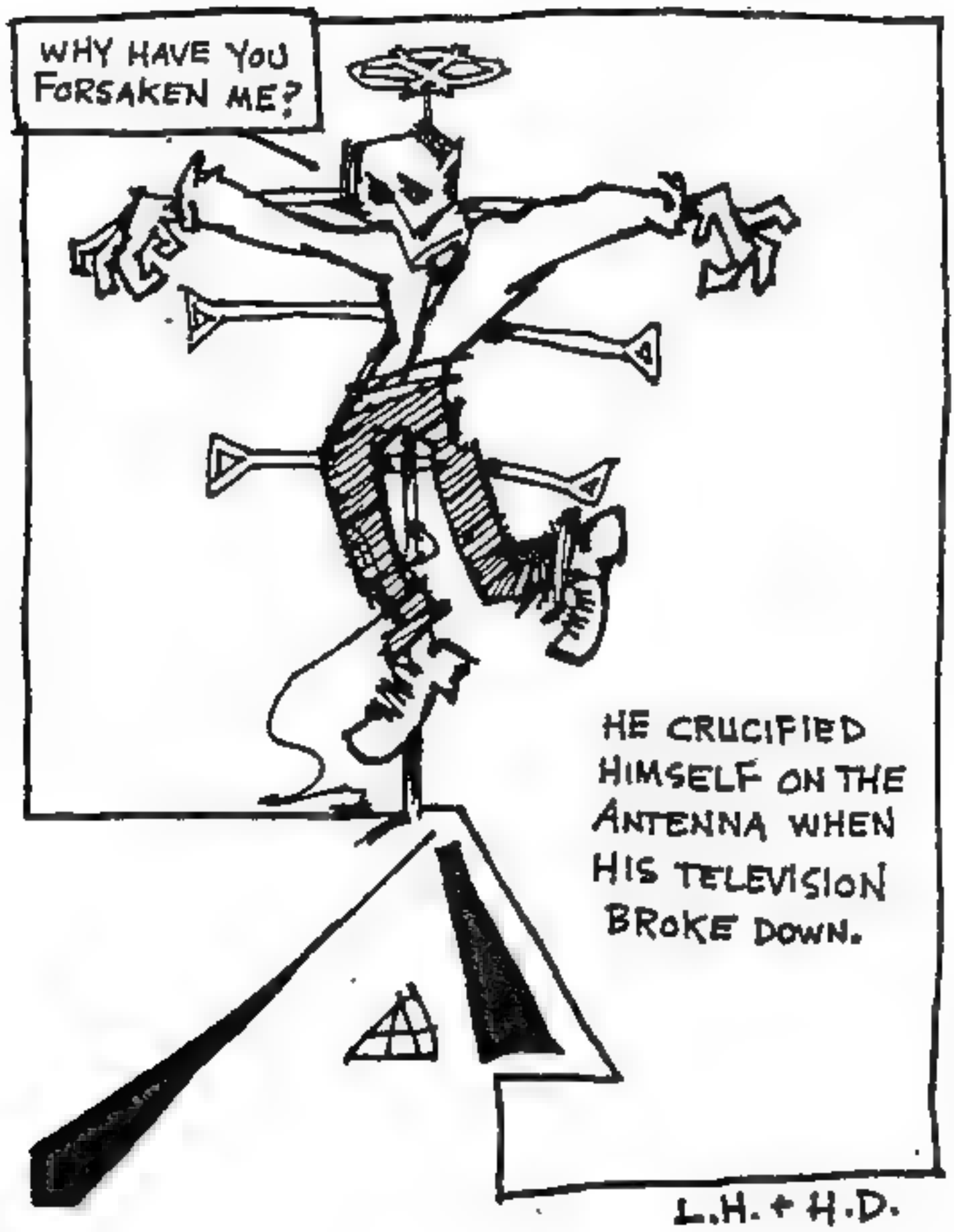
A true craftsperson, with talent and a style all of her own



DUMP THAT WEIGHT!

Record Daily Record

Book to focus on Beatle hoax


WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?
HE CRUCIFIED HIMSELF ON THE ANTENNA WHEN HIS TELEVISION BROKE DOWN.
L.H. + H.D.

THE SINGULAR LIFE AND STRANGE DEATH OF LYNN RALPH HANSEN, 1958-1995 /
by Steve Willis

It had the kind of irony Lynn would've found amusing, or the kind of coincidence he would've found conspiratorial-- in early April both of us had fallen victim to sudden and mysterious ailments. In my case I had a wife who forced me to go to the hospital, which probably saved my life. Lynn was not so lucky. He died around April 10, at home, alone.

Self-portrait, Lynn Hansen
OUTSIDE IN # 5 (1983)

Independent, tight-fisted, and contrary, Lynn brushed off friends who told him to see a doctor as his flu worsened. This, coupled with his severe diabetic problem, is the only explanation we have at the moment. But as we shall see, fact and fiction had a blurred line of division in Lynn's life.

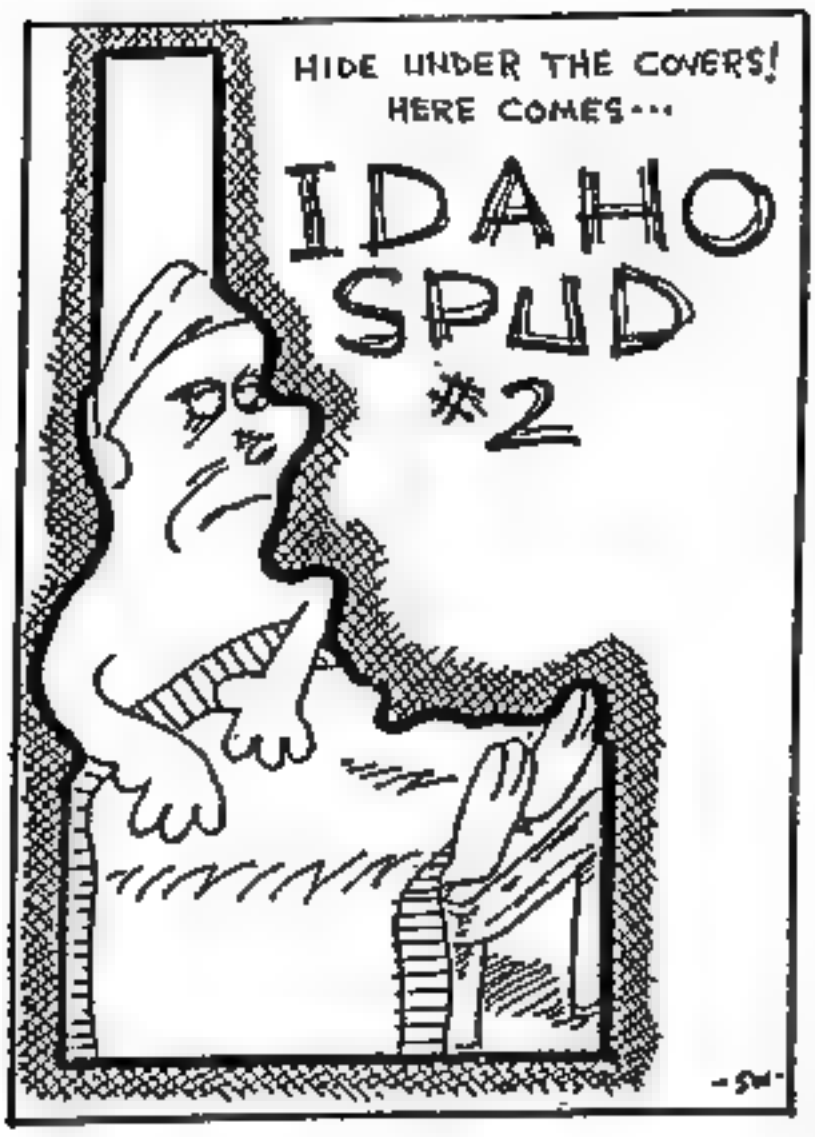
My association with Lynn started in March or April of 1982 when he ordered some of my comix. During my first months of correspondence I was under the impression Lynn was a woman, until Dave Miller set me straight.

It quickly became apparent that Lynn was a bit different than most of the folks I traded with. For openers, Lynn was a pure collector. He did not draw or write comix unless he was browbeaten by me. He lived in Idaho Falls and as a resident of that city was probably one of the most geographically isolated members of the comix network in the lower 48. But the isolation was not merely geographic. Unlike most folks in comix, Lynn was not a member of the mutual admiration society. If he didn't like something, he said so in no uncertain terms. He was blunt, his humor was frequently literal (he failed to see what was funny about CLG's BIL KEANE WATCH, for example), and he couldn't understand why the world was filled with so many artists, publishers, and dealers who were willing to screw over others. Lynn's shit-list was a mile long and he never forgot and forgave. Heaven help you if you sent him a letter postage-due. He'd remember it for years.

Yet he was harder on himself than anyone else. Early on he revealed a fatalistic streak in his letters, such as this passage from Dec. 14, 1982: "Cynical at Christmas, and less than happy with life, I cannot find the strength to commit suicide. So natural or unidentified causes are to be my end."

This negative self-image became a litany in the many letters and phone calls we had over the years. Occasionally this would be broken by a brief period of happiness as Lynn moved to a new job and/or location. He worked in television, and during the time I knew Lynn he lived all over the U.S.: 1982-1986 Idaho Falls, 1986-1988 Sacramento, 1988 Albuquerque & Santa Fe,

Lynn Hansen, 1987



and Birmingham, Alabama (1988-1991), 1991-1992 Victorville, California, 1992-1993 Boise, Idaho, 1993 Meridian, Idaho, and finally, 1993-1995 Roswell, New Mexico.

I personally met Lynn at least four times. I believe we first met in Idaho Falls in 1984 and he was an extended house guest with us at least three times between 1984-1992. In person, Lynn was much different than his print persona. He was a thoughtful, gentle soul who was considerate of others. He had a wonderful laugh and his face lit up like a jack-o-lantern when he got rolling on a good joke. He was an easy character to relax around and I had no problem drawing comix and visiting with him at the same time. The funniest line in my TRAGEDY OF MORTY was "Down in front," in Act 3, scene 2 (p. 25) and it came from Lynn as he observed me drawing it.

Lynn loved his custom '59 Chevy truck and became the talk of McCleary when he parked the thing in front of my house for a week. Lynn usually stayed with us when he was in the area job-hunting. Although Seattle is only 90 minutes away, filled with cartoonists he admired, he never sought them out. "My reputation as a hermit and closed opinionated individual," he wrote in 1987, "might have been hurt if I had gotten together with any of them."

In spite of his shyness, during a 1987 visit Lynn pulled in and a few minutes later Mike "Worker Poet" Hill dropped by all the way from Pennsylvania. Lynn had a good time in spite of himself.

Lynn's contribution to the world of obscure comix was chiefly as a reviewer and columnist. He was a regular in FUNNIES PAPER, COMIC UPDATE, and CITY LIMITS GAZETTE. His final columns were about my new comix, and he didn't let our friendship get in the way of his true opinion of my work. He was less than enthusiastic toward my most recent work.

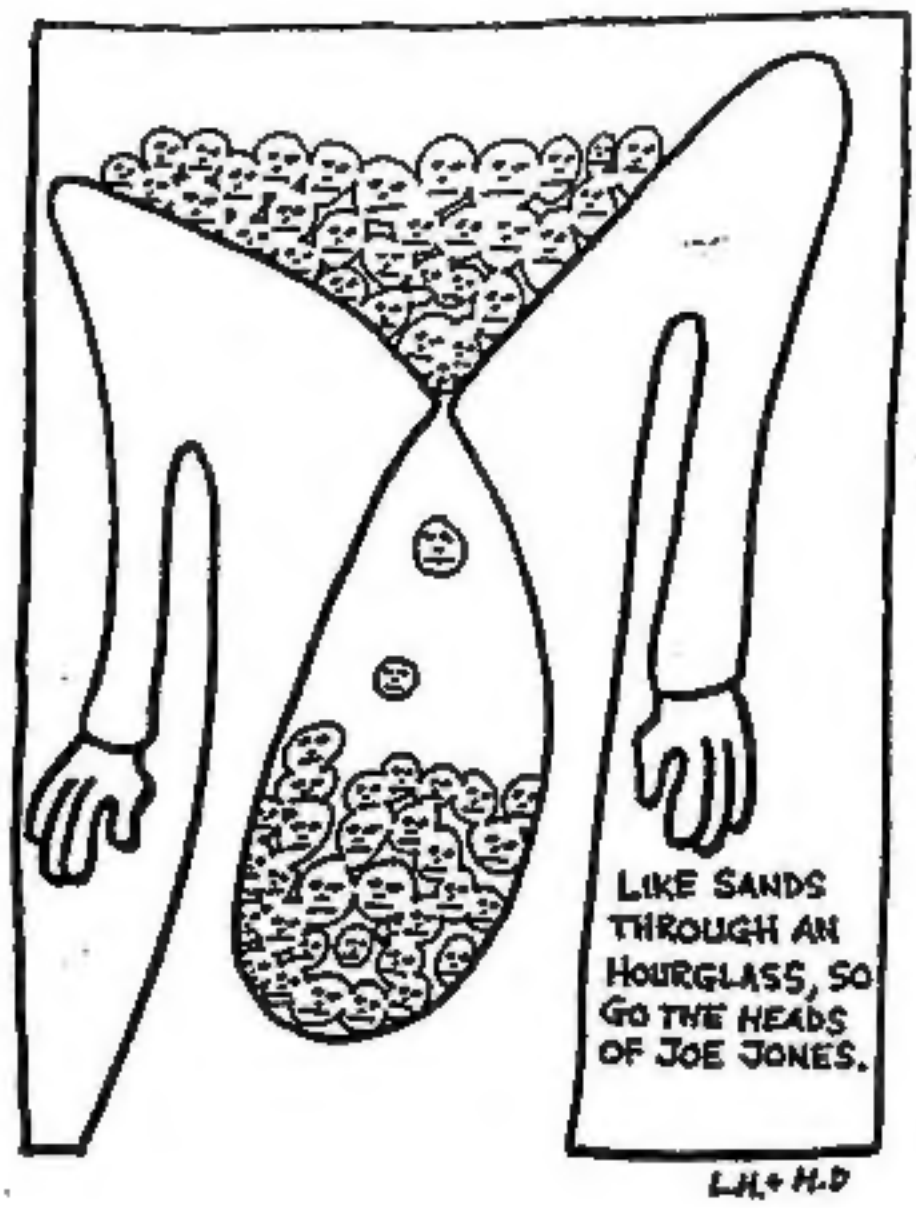
Lynn also dabbled a bit in the comix scene. IDAHO SPUD (1985-1986), SACRATOMATO (1987-1989) were two minicomix series he published. In a rare appearance as an artist, I got Lynn to jam as an inker under our

Dave Miller presents Lynn and his '59 Chevy

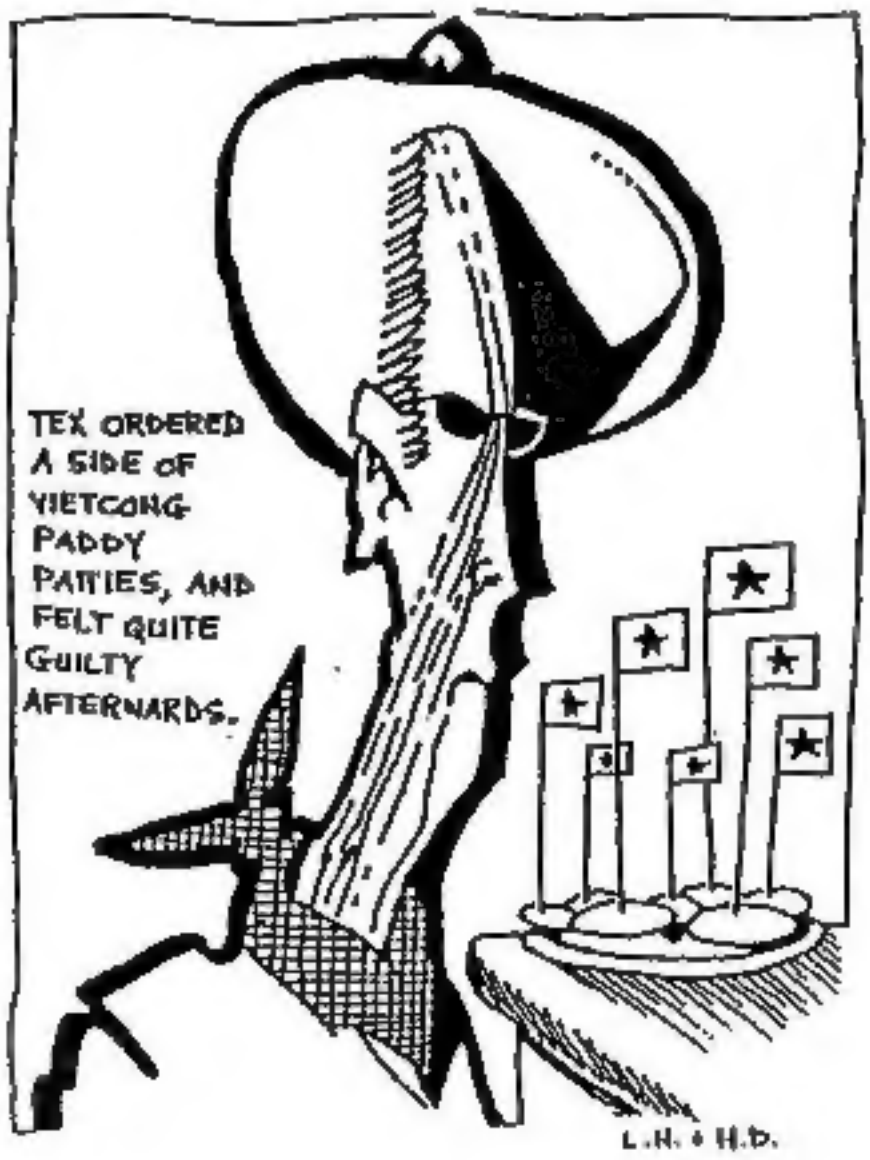
joint name of "L.H. + H.D." (Lynn Hansen and Hot Doggies), and we produced several panels. In 1989 he produced the one-shot mini, TALKIN' 'BOUT MY GENERATION, mostly with Howard Wornek's drawing.

It is Lynn's contribution to libraries that will be his true legacy to the obscure comix world. During his lifetime, Lynn was by far the most generous donor of material to the Washington State University comix collection. Part of this might be genetic, due to Lynn's father, Ralph, being a well known librarian in Idaho, but part of it was also due to Lynn's altruistic nature. Lynn could easily have sold the many boxes of comix he gave to WSU, but chose to be academic. Ironically, Lynn had little use for higher education and never found a college to suit his tastes.

In addition to underground and obscure comix, Lynn was also fascinated by the Beatles. He had by far the most complete collection of Beatles I've seen, even with a special needle to play the backwards messages. Lynn had been working on a manuscript concerning the "Paul is dead" hoax for over a decade. It may yet see print.



When Lynn moved to Roswell, New Mexico in late 1993, I teased him about the UFOs. His response was characteristically skeptical. To make a long story short, in July, 1947, the Army Air Force had a press release saying they had captured a crashed flying disc from another planet. The crash site was near Roswell. Three hours after the release, the government retracted their statement, saying it was simply a weather balloon. Now, almost 50 years later, over 300 witnesses have stepped forward who claim to have been part of the recovery and cover-up of not only a crashed alien ship, but also five bodies. But not one piece of physical evidence has been produced.



Around March, 1994 Lynn called me at work and was very excited. He had seen his first UFO and caught it on video. In the months to come, the hundreds of sightings he filmed dominated his calls and letters. Most of the sightings were over Midway, New Mexico, and Lynn was filming with an outfit called Ultimate Dinosaur. Their videos were gaining national attention on the tabloid shows. Lynn started talking to

Roswell residents who were around in 1947 and discovered several previously unpublished allegations.

Now we enter the realm where fact and fiction are blended. Although I never learned what his source of information was, Lynn claimed he was aware of some mind-blowing government secrets. He said he knew that the 1947 crash was an authentic alien crash, and was only one of several such cases. The bodies were kept in storage at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio and the technology was being tested at "Area 51" in Nevada. But due to recent publicity, the Feds were centralizing all alien research in White Sands, New Mexico. Some of the choppers which were transporting alien technology had been mysteriously shot down.

Roswell Daily Record

RAAF Captures Flying Saucer On Ranch in Roswell Region

Lynn was among a half dozen Ultimate Dinosaur videographers, logging in more than 700 hours of UFO footage over Midway, N.M. Most of the shots are during the day. A wide variety of craft are shown, most moving at blinding speed. Many of them appear to be too small to be manned. None of the shots are clear enough to make out much detail. A local Roswell TV station went to the same spot and produced the same type of footage. Lynn said the most amazing craft of all, one the film crew called "The Klingon," escaped video. He said this one "decloaked" and then vanished again, and it was huge.

My friends at Boeing found Lynn's video to be of interest as well. And although they could not account for all of the craft, it was the opinion of some in our local aerospace industry that what Lynn and company were filming was not alien at all. They were filming "drone" and spy aircraft being tested by some private outfit such as Hughes or McDonnell-Douglas-- some outfit that didn't have the airspace that the Feds do. And I have some clues that my Boeing friends have decided to follow up on Lynn's work and check this stuff out.

But Boeing was not the only organization interested in Lynn's activities. In August this whole affair took a dark turn when Lynn called and said our conversation was being bugged. Sure enough I could hear a bad clicking sound, so I sang a snippet of "Feelings" to audition on the U.S. government label. I got Lynn to laugh, which was nice, but things turned serious when he told me he was afraid for his life and was sending me material (such as his Beatles manuscript) in case he died or vanished. Somewhere in our conversation the phone went dead, and after hanging on for a minute of silence I heard my own voice being played back to me. At that moment I started taking Lynn's feelings that he was under surveillance seriously.

Whether this was a shoddy job of bugging, or a playback designed to intimidate, or a coincidental phenomenon of telecommunication, I'll probably never know. But if Lynn's later tales of phone bugging are to be believed, some powerful forces were very interested in his activities. I was not aware of Lynn being involved in any illegal activity and can only assume he attracted all this unwanted attention by merely filming those UFOs.

In late August, 1994, Lynn called the phone company and refused to pay his bill until the bug was removed. Incredibly, a man came to his house, searched for a bug, and told Lynn he'd search down the line. Later that day, Lynn called the phone company and they verified he was bugged, they knew who was doing it, and they couldn't tell him any more than that. They also claimed they removed the wiretap. When Lynn called to tell me this news, his line indeed was free of that clicking sound I heard in previous calls.

But a week later, the clicking returned. When Lynn called the phone company, they had denied they ever removed the bug in the first place. Eventually, Lynn went to his outdoor connection box, found the bug, and personally removed it. He described it as looking like a girl's hair braidpiece.

When events turn weird like this, you begin to wonder about your own sanity. Both Lynn and I had the experience of having strange cars park in front of our houses at weird hours, only to vanish when you go out to confront them. Ultimate Dinosaur was paid a visit by the ATF, but with no warrant. Anything beyond the ordinary starts to take sinister turns. I was hoping to see if Lynn and I would be singled out at tax time for an audit, since the two of us were planning on publishing his experiences as a booklet. I'll soon find out.

During the final year of Lynn's life, we switched roles. I became the skeptic and he became the believer. Lynn felt that he was filming a true alien event, or technology that was alien inspired. He also felt that he stumbled into an evil and sinister aspect of our government where Soviet style intimidation was routine. And he was afraid. Lynn did not expect to live much longer.

Given Lynn's history, this fear of short life predated this UFO episode,a fact which confuses the issue. Still, it does seem a strange coincidence that the two of us come down with mysterious illnesses at the same time. The doctors cannot explain what happened to me, except that it was sudden and weird. If Lynn had somehow survived, I'm sure he would've said something like, "They'll be back to finish the job."

My own feelings are that Lynn was filming craft that was very earthly in origin. And, unfortunately, his views on the military-industrial sub-government which is accountable to no one must be taken seriously. The real story is not in the UFOs, rather it is the police state tactics in "The Land of Enchantment."

Lynn opened up a can of worms for the rest of us to sort through. He was an unhappy man who never seemed to find a serene place in his mind. But he was also a creative, gentle soul. He was my friend and his passing makes me want to believe there is a rewarding afterlife for the good guys.

Goodbye, my friend.

Lynn Hansen, ca. 1990

L.H. + H.D.